

make estimates relating there-  
er which the committee will  
on a report.

See Charles McCulloch stopped  
Carson Springs, Pa., and will

**POTATOES**—10¢/50  
WUOL. — Tat washed, 25¢/26¢; floce  
washed medium, 31¢/32¢; floce washed,  
fine, 26¢/27¢; unwashed medium, 25¢;  
unwashed, fine, 16¢/18¢; curry, black and  
colled, two-thirds price.

DAY—25¢ 00/25¢ 00 per ton.



















# Daily Sentinel.

Circulation 4,000.

## NAMING THE BABY.

They gather in solemn council  
The chiefs in the household band;  
They sit in the darkened chamber  
A council proud and grand.  
They peer in the curtained cradle  
And each with one voice exclaim,  
As they point to the new-born treasure,  
"The baby must have a name!"

They bring forth the names by dozens,  
With many an anxious look;  
They scan all the tales and novels,  
They search through the good old books;  
Till the happy voices of father  
Now urging her prior claim,  
Cries out in the fondest accents:  
"Oh, give him a pretty name!"

"His grandpa was Ebenezer—  
Long buried and gone, dear soul!"  
Says the trembling voice of grandma,  
As the quiet tears drop on her brow.  
"Oh! call him Eugene Augustus,"  
Cries the youngest of the throng.  
"Plain John," says the laughing father,  
"Is an honest name and strong."

And thus the embryo statesman  
Perhaps, or the soldier bold,  
Respecting his own short space of time,  
Atterly out in the cold!  
And yet, it can matter but little  
To him who will honor the mortal  
For no name will honor the mortal  
If the mortal dishonors the name.

—New York Sun.

## MADCAP VIOLET.

BY WILLIAM BLACK.

### CHAPTER XII.—(Continued.)

"Do not fear that," said he, with a smile. "To look at you enjoying yourself would have been enough pleasure for any one."

It was, indeed, the cold gray of the morning when these strange figures issued out of the ruddy hall and made their way home in the new and pale light. Of what were they all thinking, now that another day had come, and the hurry and excitement of that Walpurgis-night over and gone forever?

One young man, in a four-wheeled cab, making for Piccadilly, was communing with himself thus:

"How handsome she will look at a dinner-table! In her case, anyway, a man might fairly be proud of taking his own wife out for a drive. I wonder what my father will do for me—surely something handsome; and then, if her father gives her any thing at all decent, we shall get on very well. But, Jove, what a precious lucky fellow I am! And she shan't have to fear any neglect or unkindness from me: I see too much of that going on."

In another vehicle, going in another direction, a tall, thin, middle-aged man, looking rather sad, worn, and tired, was talking to his sister. But surely not of the fancy-dress ball?

"I suppose," he was saying, in his absent and dreamy way, "that Roland has been knighted. Roland, never existed. I don't much care about that; for the man who imagined such a perfect type of manhood—who, among all the trivialities and common-places of the life around him—the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, the rising in the morning, the washing, the face, the wretched details of one hour after another—well, I think the man who managed in the midst of all that to imagine such a splendid figure as Roland, he created. Don't you think so, Sarah? I don't care whether King Arthur ever lived; because a greater than Arthur lives now, and tells us about the brave knight that Tristram is the bravest knight, and has the most picturesque story, in the 'Morte d'Arthur.'"

And again—but surely this had nothing to do with the fancy-dress ball?

"I wonder if the wise men of Egypt wished to teach the people a lesson in humility when they made the beetle an object of worship? Or was it a challenge to faith? Fancy what an imposture the owl was as a symbol of Minerva—the biggest fool of a bird you can find. I suppose owls don't eat grapes; but no bird but a half-bird owl could have been such a fool as to eat at Z-xis's painted grapes."

And again—but what had this to do with the fancy-dress ball?

"What a fine thing it must have been to carry about with you a sword—the sort of consciousness, I mean, of having the power of life or death with you. If you were weak, the sword became part of yourself, and gave you strength. Now they go to war with engines and machines! And I suppose you seldom know you have killed a man. But don't you think that a great war must leave behind it, in thousands of human bosoms, a secret consciousness of having committed murder—a suspicion, or a certainty, that a man must not even mention to his wife?—the half glimmer of a dying face, the horrid recollection of a vague splash of blood?"

In the house which these three people had just left, a young girl sat alone in her own room, her head bent down, her hands clasped on her knees. "Have I promised? Have I promised?" This was what she was thinking. "How anxious and pitiful he looked! And that is the time that comes but once to a girl to be kind or to be cruel to her first lover. I could not be cruel; and yet I am not deeply pledged. We may find out it is all a mistake, after all; and when we are old, I dare say we shall laugh out our youthful romances. When will he speak to my father?"

Her thoughts took another turn—fled southward with the speed of lightning:

"Oh, my good, kind friend!" she would have said, if she had translated her fancies into speech, "why were you so sad to-night, and silent, and far-away in your look? You said you were pleased—only to please me. Have you not told me you think you are thinking about when you look like that? And don't you know there are some who would give their life—who would willingly and gladly give their own worthless life away—if that would brighten your eyes and make you cheerful and happy?"

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### FIRE AND WATER.

If George Miller had any hope of

winning Violet North for a wife, he set about the task in the most wrong-headed of fashions. A little more imagination, and of the perception that accompanies imagination, would have shown him the folly of prematurely brandishing in the face of a light-spirited girl, who dearly loved her liberty, the shadow of matrimony which ought to have been kept in the background, or altogether concealed. He would have seen that his best chances hung on his fostering that sentiment of half-humorous, half-tender romance with which she was disposed to regard her youthful lover; he ought to have accompanied her to the action of losing her liberty by slow and insidious degrees. The matter-of-fact young man missed all that. He could not understand why they should not be engaged like other people. What harm was there in a ring? In a word, he was anxious to take possession of a beautiful wife; while she regarded his claims upon her with surprise and distinct aversion—the manner of leavened quarrels which were exciting enough, but rather dangerous.

First of all, he had gone to Sir Acton North, who received him with much friendliness.

"What!" said he, when the young man had told his story, "you run away with a girl, and then you come and ask me to give you a license to court her. That is putting the horse behind the cart, isn't it?"

Mr. Miller was very nervous; but when his proposed father-in-law was good enough to make a joke, he was bound to laugh at it; so he grinned a ghastly grin.

"What does she say, eh? What does she say herself? That is the point."

Indeed, the great railway engineer could have no objection to the young man as a husband for Violet. He was of a rich and reputable family; he was young, good-looking, apparently good-tempered; his business prospects were excellent. There was another point to be considered. Sir Acton had a suspicion that the truce between his wife and her step-daughter was dangerously hollow; at any moment the girl might have to go; and whether could she go? If she wanted to marry this young man, why should she not? Moreover, he knew he would be paying a compliment to Lady North in rather encouraging the attentions of this young man; so, that, while he pleased himself by rendering Violet's future more secure, he would make his consent a favor granted to his wife. This was always good policy on the part of a husband.

"Well, sir," young Miller answered, "I don't know anything definite. I thought it better to come to you first."

"Quite right, quite right. Well, you must question herself, you know; but be cautious."

Mr. Miller was rather puzzled by the twinkling light that came into the gray eyes of this big, white-bearded man.

"She wants dealing with," said her father, frankly. "She won't be mastered. However, she has been very quiet and good since we came back from Canada—perhaps that will last."

These cautions were rather ominous; but, then, a young man is always cheerful if he knows a dozen times as much about the nature of his sweetheart as her own father or mother knows, who has only lived with her for a matter of twenty years or so.

"There is another point," said George Miller, pulling his courage together, and proceeding to talk with a business-like air. "Of course I don't know what she will say; but it may be better if I tell you how my money matters stand. I hope shortly to have about nine hundred or a thousand pounds out of this partnership."

Then, when I marry, I expect my father will give me twenty thousand pounds. I don't see how he could give me less than that, because he gave as much to my sister when she married, and I am the only son."

"When you get it, don't put it in railways," said Sir Acton, briefly.

"Oh, dear, no," said young Miller (though he would have liked half an hour's chat on this matter with so competent an authority). "If I can't get two or three good mortgages—and I suppose it is difficult to get them now—days at six percent—I mean to spread the money over half a dozen of the best foreign stocks; and that way you can average nearly six percent without very much risk."

"Very good," said young Miller, Sir Acton, "but keep it nearer five. Five is quite enough; there is never any great safety over five."

"And then," said the young man, rather hesitatingly, "I suppose I shall have about two thousand pounds a year."

"Very good; quite enough to live on."

"Sir Acton's business-like reply. "Too much, I should say, for young people. You ought to save on that."

Mr. Miller waited for a second; he seemed to expect that Sir Acton would say something more. Was there to be no mention—not even the least hint—of the possible dowry on the other side?

A servant came to say the carriage was below.

"You will excuse me, I am sure," said Sir Acton, shaking hands with the young man. "You will go into the drawing-room, I suppose; the girls are sure to be there."

"Sir Acton," the young man said, stopping him, "I haven't said how much I am grateful to you for—"

"No, no, not all that, the other, as he hurried away. "You settle it all with her."

Mr. Miller crossed the passage, and entered the drawing-room; the music ceased as he did so, and one of Lady North's daughters left the piano. All together there were four girls in the room; one of them being Violet, who, knowing that Miller was in the house, and guessing the object of his visit, had taken refuge with her half-sisters, so that she should not find her alone. It was a large and sombre apartment; for Lady North and her daughters affected high art in the matter of house-decoration. What the dark painting of the ceiling, the bottle-green paper and brown panelings of the walls, the deep unrelieved red of the carpet;

the black cabinets, and the stained windows, the spacious and melancholy chamber looked like a great sepulchral vault. It used to be said—but the statement was not true—that Lady North's daughters, when they happened to be at home in the evening, sat in a row in this solemn apartment, all of them silent, all of them dressed in white, each holding a tall white lily in her hand, and having a silver star in her hair. At the present moment, at all events, they were not so engaged. They seemed singularly disturbed, restless, and embarrassed when Mr. Miller entered—except Violet, who, to tell the truth, looked a little impatient and angry. First of all, the young lady who had been playing said she wished to find some music somewhere, and left the room. After a second or two, another came to the conclusion that Sally would never find the music; and so she set off to look for it. The color in Miss Violet's face deepened. Then the third and remaining sister sprang up, and said:

"Oh, I must go and see what he has brought."

"This was too much. "You know it is not the postman!" she said, hotly. "I wish, Anatolia, you would stay where you are."

"I shall be back directly," said Anatolia; and then she went quickly, leaving these two in solemn silence, both embarrassed, and one inclined to be vexed, and the other sullen.

"Why should you wish them to stay in the room, Violet?" he asked.

"Because I don't like to be made a fool of. They know quite well why you are here to-day. And they believe—they believe—I can not tell you what nonsense they believe in."

"I know," said he. "The girls are sensible. They believe we are engaged, and I don't see why they shouldn't be engaged."

"Every body approves of it," said he. "Your father has no objections; I am sure Lady North would have none; and I can answer for my people that they would be delighted. And that is another thing, Violet—I should so like to introduce you to my family."

"You are very kind," she said. "But I don't see why I should be introduced to them any more than to other families whom I don't know."

"Well, that is rather strange," said he, "considering our relations. I was not aware of any relations existing between us."

"Oh, indeed?"

"No."

"I think you are in rather a bad temper to-day."

"I don't wish to offend you," she said; "but it is better to tell you the plain truth. When you talk about an engagement, and about being introduced to your friends, you make me wish I had never seen you; you do indeed. Look at those girls going away—because they think we have secrets to talk over."

"In her impatience, she got up and went to the piano."

"What would you like me to play for you?" she said, coldly.

He was quite as much inclined to be angry at this moment as she was; but he was afraid of the consequences. She would not wish to treat you badly, would she? he thought.

"Violet," he said, "do be reasonable. You are too proud. You dislike the notion of people imagining that you—well, that you care enough for me, or for any man, to think of marrying him. But every girl has to go through that; and if the truth were known, other girls don't laugh at her—they envy her. I do not wish to force you to do anything you don't like; only I must say I expected a little better treatment when I came here to-day."

"I don't wish to treat you badly, or goodly, or any way," she said, with indignant intolerance. "Why can't we be friends like other people? I wish to be kind to you—I do, indeed. All the time I was in Canada there was nobody in England I thought more about than you—at least, there was next to nobody. And when I saw you over at Mr. Drummond's (though he would be such a nice thing to be friends with you. And now you want to drag me into engagements and interviews—"

"Well, you are a stupid girl," said he, with a sudden burst of good humor. "Don't you know that you are so pretty that I am bound to try to secure you for my wife? You might go and marry somebody else while that nice friendship was the only bond between us. Can you understand that?"

"He took her hand; she drew it away. "What shall I play for you?" said she.

He suddenly regarded her with a suspicious look.

"Perhaps," said he, with equal coldness, "you have reasons for not wishing that we should be engaged?"

"Plenty," she said, frankly.

"Perhaps there is some one else to whom you would rather be engaged?"

A mischievous notion got into her head at this moment; she answered nothing.

"Am I right?" he said, with an affection of lofty calmness.

"What if you are?" she said, looking down.

His calmness went.

"Then I consider," he said, warmly, "that, if that is so, you have been treating me shamefully—letting me come here on a fool's errand; but I don't believe it—I tell you I don't believe—"

"You don't believe what?"

"That you are likely to be engaged to some one else."

"I never said any thing of the kind," she said, with provoking sweetness. "I thought I had been telling you how I labored the notion of being engaged to any body. If you choose to imagine a lot of foolish things, I can not help it. I wished to be very friendly with you. I don't see why you should get into a temper. You have not told me what you wish me to play."

"Thank you," he said, "I think I must go now."

She rose, with great gentleness and dignity, and offered him her hand.

"I am sorry you are going so soon," she said.

He stood looking at her with irresolution, regret, anger, and disappointment, all visible at once in his face—disappointment most marked, perhaps.

"Some men," said he, calmly, "would call your conduct by an ugly name; they would say it was the conduct of a flirt."

The word seemed to sting her like a horsewhip.

"I never flirted with any one in all my life," she said, hotly. "No one would dare say such a thing to me."

"Why not?" he said, forgetting all his calmness, and becoming as vehement as himself. "You allow a man to ask you to marry him—"

"How could I prevent that?"

"You allow him to go to your father, and make arrangements, and have every thing understood; and then you turn round on him, and say there is nothing understood, and hint that you would rather be engaged to somebody else, and all that—that is not the conduct of a flirt? I wonder what is?"

"Then," said she, with flashing eyes, "if that is your opinion of me, you had better believe that I am not the postman!"

"Yes, I will go," said he; and he crossed the room, took up his hat, bowed to her, and went out.

She sat down, with flaming cheeks, to the piano, and tried to play. That was not much use. She rose, and, hastily going to her own room, flung herself on the bed, and burst into a flood of passionate and angry tears, vowing to herself a thousand times that she would never again have any thing to say to any man of woman born, not if she were to live a thousand years.

### CHAPTER XIV.

"LIKE GETTING HOME AGAIN."

The cup of her sorrows was not yet full. When she had cried herself exhausted, and when she had exhausted her indignation over the perfidy and unreasonableness and bad temper of mankind, and when she had quite believed that she would never marry—no, not if a king's son were to entreat her—she got up, and washed her face, and arranged her hair, and went to Lady North. In a humble and submissive tone she asked the little, dignified, gray-eyed woman to let her have the brougham for that evening.

Lady North was surprised and offended. Her daughter Anatolia had run quickly to tell her that now they should no longer any doubt about Violet being engaged; for Mr. Miller was in the study in confidential talk with Sir Acton; while Violet, silent and embarrassed, sat in the drawing-room, and would answer no questions about the young man. When, therefore, Violet now presented herself before her step-mother, that lady naturally concluded she had come to inform her of the engagement. In place of that, she only asked for the brougham, and she no longer any doubt about Violet being engaged; for Mr. Miller was in the study in confidential talk with Sir Acton; while Violet, silent and embarrassed, sat in the drawing-room, and would answer no questions about the young man. When, therefore, Violet now presented herself before her step-mother, that lady naturally concluded she had come to inform her of the engagement. 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# Root & Company

We have to announce that we have now in stock, the most elegant line of

## Fall Dress Goods

That we have ever before displayed. Our NEWEST are now in design and color, and are simply exquisite. So new and different from anything that has been before, that they are a real novelty.

## COLORED SILKS,

In all the desirable shades, we have a fine line of elegant

## Colored Brocades

For Robes, etc., the like of which have never before appeared in this market.

## PLAIN BLACK SILKS

In all the best known foreign and domestic brands. In this line we have several special bargains, among which will be found heavy Gros Grain Silk, Eighteen inches wide, - 75c  
Nineteen inches wide, - 90c  
Twenty inches wide, - \$1.00  
Most excellent goods for the money.

We make a specialty of all kinds of

## TRIMMINGS

Consisting in part of all the fashionable shades of Plain, Stripes and Fancy Velvets, Black and Colored Silks and Satins, Pekin Satin Stripes and Satin Moire Stripes, Etc., Etc.

## FRINGES

Will be found unusually large and exceedingly elegant.

"Button, Button, Who's Got the Button?"

Is no longer an open question. Every one now knows that Root & Company have won the particular button that any one may want, especially if it is large and elegant. Our assortment is really all that can be desired.

New Garments in Black and Colors

about the fashionable styles.

## ROOT & COMPANY,

Calhoun Street.

## Daily Sentinel.

Circulation 4,000.

## THE CITY.

This is warm.

Autumn is here.

Watch your plants.

The doctors are starving.

Louis Power is to-night.

Den Thompson is coming.

The dog days are now over.

The cornfields look billious.

"Pinalore" next Monday night.

The Rome City Times is gone away again.

Louise Pomeroy at the Academy to-night.

Fort Wayne is well stocked with doctors.

Only eighty-one more days until leap year.

Haskell's temperance lecture has been postponed.

The SENTINEL's circulation is now over 4,000 daily.

And now the melan-cholic days have gone. That's good.

The county auditor and his deputies are hard at work.

Seals for Louise Pomeroy can now be obtained at Fowler's.

L. M. Nind and G. W. Seavey were at Indianapolis yesterday.

The war between the medical colleges waxed hotter than hotter.

C. I. Olds & Co. are shipping machinery all over the country.

The usual crop of nuts and broken limbs will be gathered to-morrow.

The last picnic of the season will be given at Mad Anthony Park to-morrow.

The Brainard Association met last night at the residence of N. R. Wheeler, 266 West Wayne street.

The New Haven Palladium did not publish an account of the Duplain tragedy "for want of space."

The churches will be well attended to-morrow, provided the weather is bad; if it is good, nothing will gather the crowd.

The SENTINEL was in big demand last night, with its full account of the railroad disaster and list of the killed and wounded.

By the way, Charlie Manson did not speak at Hicksville last night. He arrived home at half-past 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Dr. Stutz has retired from the City Hospital "for good." The doctor made a great many friends while connected with that institution.

Haverly's Church Choir Company, fifty strong, will arrive from Indianapolis Monday. They have engaged quarters at the Avenue House.

## THE RAILROADS.

A good many trains were late yesterday.

The Michigan Central accident is the subject of much comment to-day.

Walter Koster is running Wabash engine No. 46, during the confinement of Wash Carpenter.

Volcan is in mourning. It is definitely settled that Wabash headquarters will be removed from that city to St. Louis.

The Grand Rapids & Indiana railroad are building four new bridges on their road, three of which are "combination" bridges.

Wash Carpenter is very much amused over the account of his accident given by the Lafayette and Logansport papers.

The Jackson road is doing an immense freight business at present, mostly grain. The business would be heavier could cars be obtained.

The Bluffton Narrow Gauge, after long delay, is now receiving the iron to finish the eight-mile gap east of Decatur, thus completing it to Delphos, O.

The P. Ft. W. & C. R. R. are repairing and repainting their depot at Plymouth, and it will soon be one of the finest depots in the state, outside of the large cities.

Grand Rapids Democrat: J. N. Neeley, master of transportation on the southern division of the G. R. & I. R. R., was in town yesterday, comparing the relative appearance of Grand Rapids and Fort Wayne.

The construction train on the Wabash road picked up a fatality on a huge wild cat, on the track at Erie switch, Wednesday morning. It is supposed the animal was killed by the fast train going east. It weighed 100 pounds.

Through postal cars were put on the Wabash Railway between Toledo and St. Louis, commencing October 1st. The large amount of mail forwarded by this route has necessitated the establishment of these increased facilities by the postoffice department.

The passenger earnings of the Wabash road for September were \$183,000, being an increase of \$21,000 over the corresponding month of last year, and being \$18,000 more than was ever earned previously in a month. The next highest month was September of the centennial year. With such men as H. C. Townsend at the head of their passenger department, it is not surprising that their business increases.

The earnings of the G. R. & I. road for the quarter ending with September 30th, last, are as follows: July, \$171,600; August, \$121,545.88; September, \$182,191.43, making a total of \$305,337.26. During the same month last year the gross earnings were: July, \$38,704.78; August, \$99,110.64; September, \$108,172.13, making a total of \$305,987.55. So the increase for the quarter this year over last was \$50,349.78, or nearly 20 percent.

There was a collision Wednesday morning between two freight trains on the Wabash Railway, between Peru and Wabash. Both trains were westward bound, and the accommodation had been ordered to pass the local freight at Keller's station, and the local freight had been notified to keep out of the way. At the point where the trains were to have passed, there is a heavy curve through a deep cut, and the accommodation coming around this curve at a rapid rate discovered the local a short distance ahead, with engine cut loose and switching cars. To stop the accommodation in time to avoid a collision was impossible. The caboose of the local was badly smashed, and the locomotive of the other train was considerably damaged.

## RELIGIOUS.

Quarterly meeting at the Third Street M. E. Church to-morrow evening.

Elder Marine will preach at the Third Street M. E. Church to-morrow evening.

Dr. Stone's morning topic to-morrow will be "Who is Who?" and in the evening, "What is What?"

Quarterly meeting will be held at the Centenary M. E. Church one week from to-morrow. Temperance meeting to-morrow evening.

Services in the Universalist Church to-morrow. The morning subject will be "Innovations." In the evening Mr. Croswell will discourse with reference to the tragedy and railroad disaster.

Fire at Huntington.

(Special Telegram to the SENTINEL.)

Huntington, Oct. 11.—A fire broke out in the saw mill of John Kenower & Son about 10 last night. The fire in the mill was beyond control when the fire department got to work, and the mill building was burned to the ground.

The building was a two-story frame, and was filled with machinery, lumber and wagon stock. A stable situated close by, was burned, but the horses were saved. The books and accounts are all right. Luckily no wind was blowing, and Huntington would have been much smaller this morning. Loss about \$6,000, with no insurance. It is not known how the fire originated, but many think it was a case of incendiarism.

The Bluffton Fair.

(Correspondence of the SENTINEL.)

Bluffton, Ind., Oct. 10, 1879.—The Wells county fair was a success this week. It was visited by several Fort Wayne people. Barrett & Son had their poultry on hand and won premiums—seven first, three second and two third—over large competition, there being 125 entries. Mr. Green, of Indianapolis, was judge.

Meteorological.

Washington, Oct. 11.—Indications: For Ohio valley, increasing clouds; probably rain, east winds, stationary or probably temperature, lower barometer. For lower lake region, increasing clouds; possibly followed by falling barometer, lower temperature.

Go to J. G. Thieme & Bro. for your fine clothing.

## CITY FEATURES

1879—Millinery Opening—1880.

On account of the extreme hot weather, I have decided my regular fall and winter opening, as a rule ladies do not like to inspect goods when not ready to wear; but as there is not much prospect of a change soon, I have come to the conclusion to have my opening next Thursday, Friday and Saturday, October 10th, 11th and 12th, when I shall have for inspection the finest assortment of the latest styles in millinery ever shown in this city.

J. PIERCE.

Have you seen the wonderful prices in J. G. Fiederman's show windows.

Murder and Robbery.

Now sit down and keep still! Don't jump up and go into convulsions; its nothing only a beautiful free lunch that will be set at Strodel's to-night, consisting of turtle soup and all the delicacies of the season. Best beer in the city on draught. Go down, to-night, to Strodel's.

Geo. Wood's Organs.

These triumphs of genius and workmanship are daily becoming more and more popular. Mr. C. L. Hill, the popular music dealer and agent for these organs, reports his sales of them much increased. Every one who intends purchasing an organ will do well to call on Mr. Hill and examine these organs. The quality of their tone and general make-up is simply wonderful.

If you are in need of a suit go to J. G. Fiederman's.

Who is the leading hair dresser.

Of this city? Why, of course, J. E. KRIGER.

Of 114 Calhoun street. And why? For he imports all the latest styles directly, and sells goods for half the price of any dealer in the state.

10,10,10.

The Royal Protection Union, of Fort Wayne, a mutual life insurance company, has completed its organization and is now ready for business.

The officers are as follows:

President—W. Benson, of Benson & Co., Cardington, O.

Vice President—S. W. McCann, of Hindman & McCann, Delaware, O.

Secretary—M. H. Selby, of Selby & Romans, Cardington, O.

Treasurer—C. A. Zollinger, Fort Wayne.

Counsel—Col. R. S. Robertson, Fort Wayne.

General Manager—C. K. Cunningham, of Cunningham Bros., Chester, O.

Medical Examiner—S. Anderson, M. D., Fort Wayne.

Actuary—H. Bailey, of Daily & Myers, Cardington, O.

Trustees—C. A. Zollinger, Fort Wayne; M. H. Selby, Cardington, O.; C. K. Cunningham, Fort Wayne; S. W. McCann, Fort Wayne; D. Benton, Cardington, O.; and H. Bailey, Cardington, O.

10,11.

The prices in J. G. Fiederman's show windows are simply wonderful. Go and examine them.

10,11,6.

Chestnut Redwood.

\$3.00 per bushel, 10 per quart.

Hickory nuts, 75c per bushel, 3c per quart.

10,11,6.

Important to Debtors.

The experience of the past few years conclusively proves that debtors should make provision for payment of their obligations, whether they expect to live long or die soon. This can be accomplished by securing an Endowment and Annuity Bond Contract in the Union Central Life Insurance Company of Cincinnati. The most recent and established reputation of this large and strong financial institution fully entitles it to the confidence of the American people. H. C. Schroeder, No. 22 West Berry street, Fort Wayne, Ind., is agent of this company.

Look out for Pierre's grand opening next week.

J. G. Fiederman is the leading tailor of Fort Wayne.

10,11,6.

The Tremont has had a number of rooms added for the special accommodation of a limited number of gentlemen and families desiring permanent accommodations, and the proprietors will spare no effort to make it an admirable Permanent Home and pleasant stopping place, and have reduced the price to \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$7.00 per week for permanent board, according to room and location. Table board, \$2.25 per week; meal tickets (21) \$2.50. The rooms are pleasant and comfortable, and the table is not excelled by any house in Fort Wayne.

10,11.

Fort Wayne's leading Hair Dresser—Mrs. May McGowan.

10,11,6.

The acknowledged leaders of the merchant tailoring trade.

THE ENTERPRISE, No. 25 Calhoun Street.

Body Brussels, Tapestry Brussels, Three-ply, Extra Super Ingrain, Canton Carpets, Heavy Carpets, Window Drapery, Oil Cloths, Matings—in fact everything necessary to make up a first-class

CARPET STORE,

can be found at the establishment of S. W. Ellsworth & Co. Our long experience in the Carpet trade enables us to select colors that we can guarantee to give satisfaction.

Carpets cut, sewed and laid in a most thorough manner.

Old Carpets taken up, cleaned and re-laid.

All work entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.

10,9,6.

Buy a meal ticket at the Globe and make 10 cents on the dollar. For \$2.50 you buy a \$2.75. For \$5.00 a \$5.50 ticket.

10,9.

Linda Maque Face Beautifier at Mrs. May McGowan's.

10,8,11.

Do not kill your wife over a hot cook stove when you can live for nothing at the Globe.

10,9.

Birds and Jettings of every description at Mrs. May McGowan's.

10,8,11.

J. G. Thieme & Bro. positively manufacture all their ready made clothing.

10,4,6.

Capt. d'Isay will run a special excursion to Kansas next Tuesday, at very low rates for round trip tickets, and free to land buyers. For particulars enquire at the office, 62 Calhoun street.

Red knit and flannel underwear ranging in prices from \$2 upwards.

THE ENTERPRISE, 25 Calhoun Street.

J. G. Fiederman has the noblest line of fall suitings in the city, 10,11,6.

Terrible Accident.

But not at Wagner's, where there will be set to-night the best lunch in the city and the best beer on draught. It

11.

Nobby, genteel, pretty and so very reasonable—that is what they all say of any goods coming from The Enterprise, 25 Calhoun street.

11.

Turtle Soup!

At Gus Strodel's to-night. There is no time like the present, and the sooner you get there the better you'll fare. The best beer constantly on hand.

11.

The Only Chance

To hear the farewell concert of the season by the City Band at the Park to-morrow. Come all.

J. Pier will exhibit next week all kinds of fine millinery made in his own establishment.

The Globe is the only restaurant which sells first class oysters—Shrewsbury and Blue Points.

10,9.

California Fruit.

California Peas 75c each.

California Grapes 25c per pound.

Fruit House.

I had dyspepsia seven years; I tried various remedies with but little benefit. One package of Dr. Preston's New Medical Compound has entirely cured me. I can eat and drink anything I wish without the least distress in my stomach. I cheerfully recommend this great medicine to the public for dyspepsia. Sold by all druggists. Respectfully,

F. HILLIAP RAPP.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 11, 1879.

The Globe is the only restaurant with a first class "Bill of Fare."

10,9.

The very latest patterns in the Scotch suitings with noble mélange linings can be found at The Enterprise, 25 Calhoun street.

11.

Nobby styles of Millinery and Hair Goods at Mrs. May McGowan's.

10,8,11.

"Is it alive?" The above exclamation found its way to the auricular organs of a SENTINEL man while chewing a toothpick in front of the Avenue House, this morning. Going up street was a young man dressed in the height of fashion. The reporter anxiously inquired of the bystanders where the young man procured the outfit. Just then a little braggart yelled, "Hurrah for Joe Clarke the Merchant Tailor!" and the reporter went in and bowed up.

10,11.

Visitors (either on business or pleasure) to Fort Wayne will find the Tremont House one of the most pleasant, home-like houses in the country. The rooms are nice, neat and clean, the beds excellent, the table very superior and prices very reasonable. Parties remaining some time will find a most comfortable home. Try it. Table board only \$3.25 per week, and 21 Meal Tickets \$3.50.

10,9,11.

Fresh Fish.

Fresh Fish, 1c and 7c per pound.

Smoked Sturgeon 10c per pound.

Smoked White Fish 12c per pound.

Fruit House.

Mrs. May McGowan is the leading modiste of this city.

10,8,11.

Stop at the TREMONT when visiting Fort Wayne. Nice rooms, a most excellent table, and everybody made to feel at home. Rates by the day only \$1.50. Special low rates to parties remaining some time in the city. Try the TREMONT, and if you are not pleased it shall not cost you a cent.

10,9,11.

All kinds of Hair Work done by Mrs. May McGowan, the leading Hair Dresser.

10,8,11.

The new gun store, 24 West Main street, is doing a rousing business. Those Colt new model guns sell like hot cakes.

10,4.

Millinery Goods a specialty at Mrs. May McGowan's.

10,8,11.

For Corsets, Embroiders, PANIERS, JACOS, KID GLOVES, GEMSTONE YAKES, Real Benjamin's Zephyrs, RICHINGS, Corsets, Money Goods, Etc., go to Boud's Novelty Store.

10,4.

J. G. Thieme & Bro. have a magnificent stock of gent's fine furnishing goods.

10,4,6.

Hams Down One Cent.

Sugar Cured Hams, 9c. per pound.

Fruit House.

In his meanderings to-day, our worthy reporter happened to drop in to the popular tailoring parlors of A. J. Foster, No. 80 Calhoun street. Here the reportorial optics were met on all sides by a bewildering array of fancy fall suitings. It would be impossible to convey to our readers any idea of the endless variety of fancy piece goods found here. Suffice it to say that A. Foster has the finest stock in the city and enjoys a deserved popularity on account of his matchless fits. We would advise our readers to call and see him.

10,17.

The Globe is the only restaurant that receives fresh oysters daily from New York and Connecticut. No Patimora slush in cans.

10,9.

J. G. Thieme & Bro. carry the finest stock of gent's furnishing goods in the city.

10,4,6.

Mrs. May McGowan is without doubt the leading Hair Dresser in the west.

10,8,11.

Stauffer & Harding have opened a merchant tailoring establishment, at 125 Calhoun street.

10,4,6.

## THE CELEBRATED

## WESTMINSTER

With double angled Drum Section.



